

AMY LYDIA BOYDEN

KATE WHITNEY BOYDEN

ANNA FRY HALL

AUGUSTA ANN STEVENSON

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Amy Lydia Boyden
Kate Whitney Boyden
Anna Fry Hall
Augusta Ann Stevenson

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*But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.*

(To A. L. B. on her eightieth birthday, April 8, 1915.)

Among the birches, by that country lane,
Still lies the winter's snow,
As loath to yield to April sun and rain
As long ago.

Your birthplace, — soon the buds and birds will come,
Then flowers, fruit and grain ;
Then green will turn to gold, the gold to brown;
Then snow drifts come again.

By every change unchanged ; one beauty wanes,
Another reappears ;
The simple, quiet loveliness remains
Through eighty years.

There, when the winding road has climbed the hill,
The vision reaches far
Beyond, where stern and somber, strong and still,
The massive mountains are.

Strength of the hills, the simple countryside,
Contrasting peacefully ;
Wars shake the world today, but they abide
Eternally.

Strength, beauty, gentleness, benignant grace,
Firm faith, serenity,
Your childhood gathered in that happy place
By subtle alchemy.

And you have used these gifts in ways of good,
Not for the world to see,
Living your life of sweetest womanhood
Unselfishly.

Mother, we bless thee, pledge our love to thee ;
All that no words can say,
All that we are, all that we ought to be,
Is thine today.

R. W. B.



Amy L. Boyden, daughter of Moses and Sara Fry Hoag was born April 8, 1835, in Tamworth, New Hampshire, where she lived until her marriage November 12, 1859, to William Cowper Boyden of Beverly, Massachusetts. She died April 2, 1924, in the Beverly home, her husband's birthplace, where she had lived sixty-four years.



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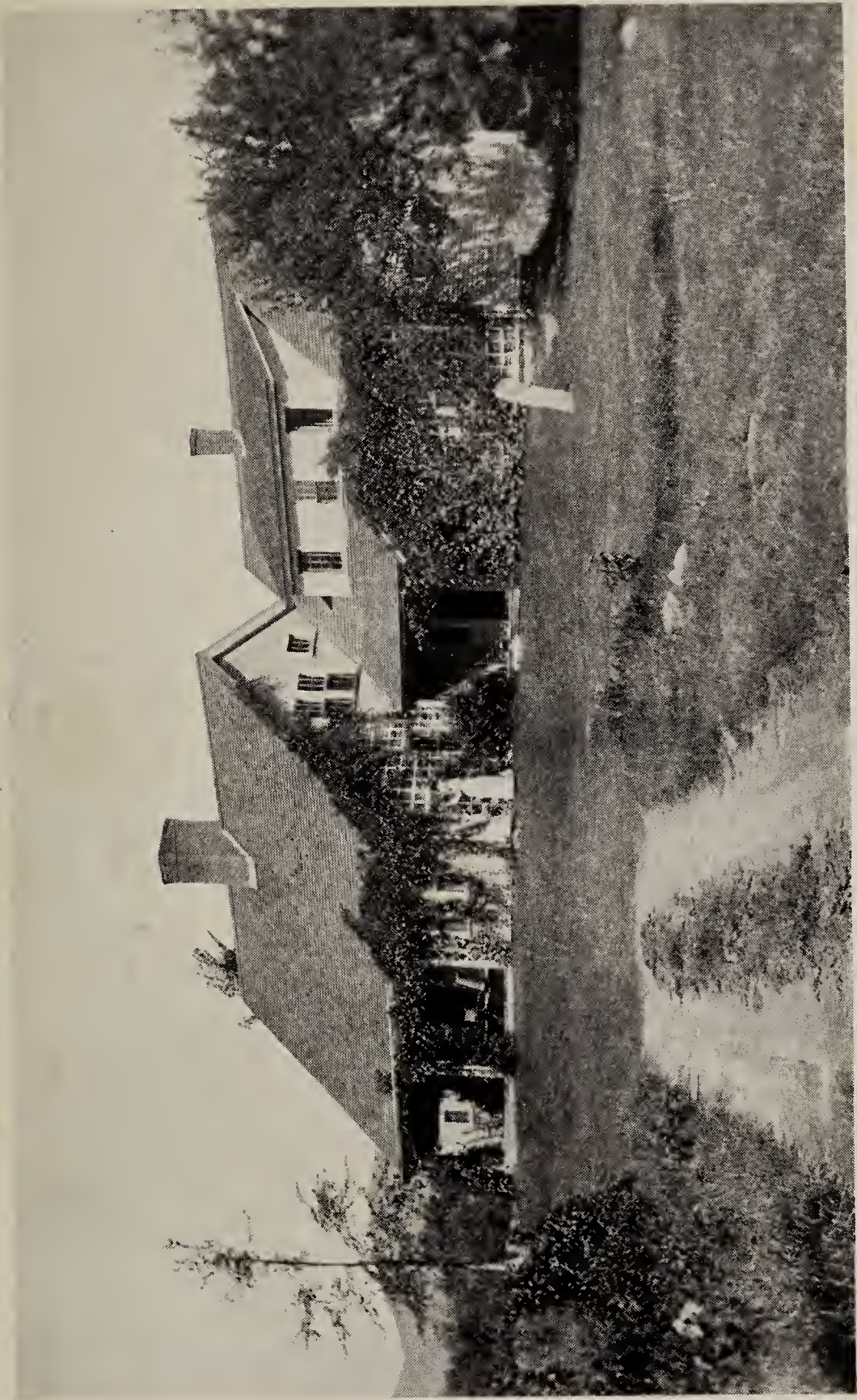


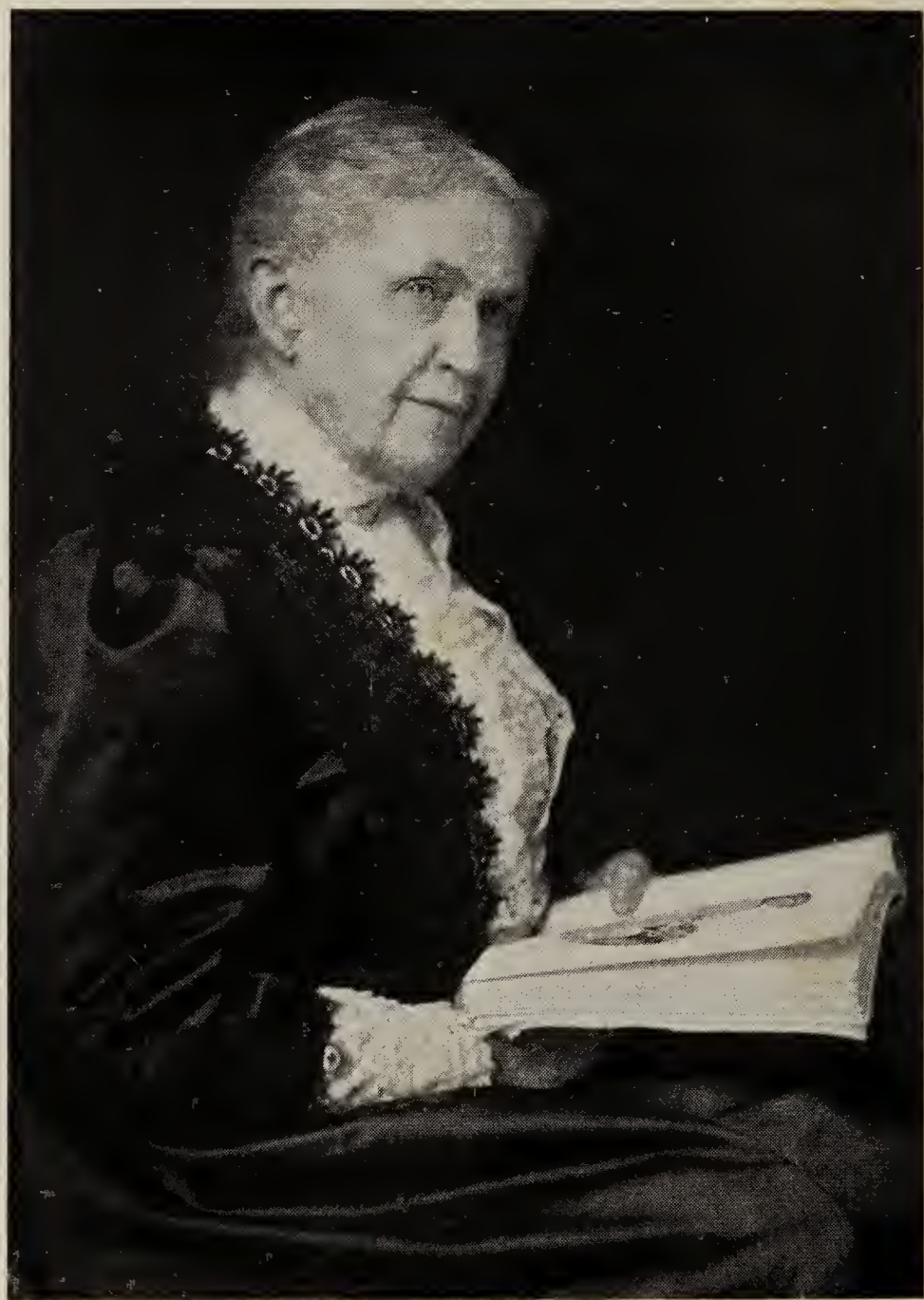


The "Fry House."

Built in 1799 by Silas Fry, great-grandfather of Anna and Amy Hoag. Their mother was born and married here, and from this house she made her wedding journey across the pasture to the nearby cottage in which her married life was passed. The short cut through the pasture became familiar to the feet of the two little Hoag girls, and in later years they delighted in fond recollections of childhood days in their grandparents' household. Here spinning and weaving were a familiar part of daily life, baking was done in the brick oven, and on the hearth before the open fire, and a school was kept by their Aunt Mary in the sunny sitting-room.

Time brought changes, among them the transfer of the homestead from the family, but in 1902 it became the property of Amy L. Boyden, and as her summer home was one of the greatest pleasures of her later life.





(J. H. F. AT HER HOME IN BEVERLY, APRIL 5, 1924.)

“ But I have called you friends: for all things
that I have heard of my Father I have
made known unto you.”

SHE who has gone, whom I can speak of only as
“ Aunt Amy,” was a friend, first of all, in this
high, transcending definition of the word, friend.
She was born into the society of those who called
themselves Friends – those to whom divine reve-
lation was as an inward light. In the early days
they were called “ The Children of Light,” but
they came to be known by that which the light
betokened and through which it was expressed –
a revealed divine companionship and a human
friendship. She had the poise, the placid spirit,
the countenance of one who dwelt in the daily
knowledge of the things that are unseen and eter-
nal. She was unruffled, undisturbed, unworried,
or so she always seemed, by what was going on
about her. No one doubted that she had “ chosen

the better part," yet that did not make her the less thoughtful or careful of the things of the household and neighborhood. For no one was more practical. She was ever busied about much serving. But she was never cumbered about it. She, too, as the woman immortally pictured in the Proverbs, "rose while it was yet dark" to give food to those of her household or to set them off on some expedition to mountain or lake. And those who were fortunate enough to be of those companies about her table or on those expeditions know that there was never better food than she rose to prepare for them.

On the day following the news of her death, I was shown plans of a new college for America, approved by the heads of the existing great colleges for women. Women students, it was said, have demonstrated that they can successfully compete with men students in the languages, the social sciences, pure science, and the other subjects of the college and university curricula. What is now needed, it was contended, is an institution to prepare women to take their place

more intelligently, efficiently, and gloriously in the home which is the foundation of our Western civilization. I thought that if the disciplines by which "Aunt Amy" had been trained as a child and young woman could only be gathered into a curriculum for such a college, it would be the best that could be devised even by the ablest of specialists in education.

To be sure, this wonderfully strong and gentle life has not been developed alone by that which she has herself undergone. There was an ancestry whose disciplines of self-sacrifice and self-restraint in the enjoyment of a freedom for which they were willing to lose their lives if need be, or dwell in solitudes, prepared her for the tui-tions of her own days and years, beginning among the New Hampshire hills. There on the edge of the woods by the path that leads down into a valley, are still to be seen the foundation stones of the primitive cottage in which she was born. It was as a tabernacle in the wilderness—rather as a tent on the mountain of transfiguration. The greater house, her grandfather's

house, in which she came to live later must have seemed as a temple by the side of this cottage. A study has just been completed of a thousand children of manifest superiority, selected from a million in America, and it has been discovered that most of them have come of superior parentage and many of them of a superior lineage, extending back to and through the third and fourth generations. There must be, for all the biologists say, a transmission of acquired character. Superiority of soul cannot be explained wholly by environment, however helpful environmental influences may be. In her case there were the teachings of the seasons, which are only changes in temperature to the city child ; of the eternal hills which have lived from the foundation of the world ; of the burning bushes back of the mountain which made it holy ground ; of sunrises over the eastern hills of Tamworth and sunsets behind Black Mountain or Sandwich Dome ; of the mysterious forests and then of the simple ways and God-fearing precepts of the home. But back of all these were the ancestral

struggles, self-denials, aspirations – showing not only in her, but in that remarkable sister whom we remember so admiringly, and in her brother, and in those who in later generations rise up to call their mother blessed.

From such ancestral tuition and in such fortunate environment, she grew to womanhood “in mental breadth nor lost the child-like in the larger mind,” prepared herself (a teacher among the White Hills of her childhood) to become, as Tennyson describes his princess teacher, “interpreter between the gods and men,” looking, as her husband first saw her, “all native to her place yet seeming to touch upon a sphere too gross to tread.” And we may add in speaking of her in age, with no change of word what Tennyson said of his ideal woman : “Happy he with such a mother. Faith in womankind beats with his blood and trust in all things high comes easy to him.”

At the foot of the hill on which she lived was the meeting house of Friends. No altar with lit candles, no chant of choir was needed to bring such souls as hers into the presence of the Infinite.

The sensation that drove Hilda of the *Marble Faun* in the great cathedral to the confessional, expressed itself (in that house unadorned except of wild flowers and leaves from the woods) in simple speech or in utter silence. But one who saw her in that sanctuary where Whittier's lines on Galilee were frequently sung, finds appropriate for her the lines that were written on the shores of Galilee :

*There did a Presence her way attend
There did she hear the Voice of a Friend
Saying: "Lo, I am with you to the end."*

She came down from those hills – that have been as mountains of transfiguration to her and to so many of her friends – into this town of Beverly at the edge of the sea that touches many shores, and that touches, through other seas with which its waters commingle, all seas – but she kept ever in her eyes the sweet vision of the mountain home and in her heart its lessons which she had literally learned by heart. Here in this community the friendship learned in the solitudes came directly or through her children and friends whom she taught of the things made known to

her by Him who said: "I call you not servants but friends," – came into world horizons.

As William James, her neighbor in the hills, would have said in the language of the philosopher: "The pulses of her friendship learned in the mountains became unitary – all-embracing." It is this sort of friendship of which Cicero wrote in his essay on Friendship two thousand years ago: "If you take this bond of good will out of the universe, no house or city could stand, nor would even the tillage of the field abide. Whatever things are at rest and whatever are in motion are united by friendship and scattered by discord." It is the spirit of the friend, born in her, nurtured in her, bequeathed by her, become unitary, that can alone redeem the world.

Of her life here I need not speak to you, her neighbors and friends. You have but to look within your own hearts to find the tribute that I would voice if I could. I turn to the well-known lines of Wordsworth for the summary which I think we shall all agree better describes her than any one else we have known:

*A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.*

*The reason firm, the temperate will
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.*

There is a star Capella in the Northern heavens which she must have seen often in childhood as well as in age. It comes up in the summer over Mt. Chocorua from where I have been accustomed to see it. It always seems at first a fire upon the mountains made by campers for the night. By and by it ascends the skies and shows itself to be not a fire that will last but a few hours in the night, but one of the enduring stars of the firmament. Its light we are told has been a lifetime in reaching the earth and it will shine on in the sight of earth-dwellers for at least a lifetime after its fires go out. But the physicist tells us that even if the star be extinguished, that which has gone out from it—the flame, the spirit of the fire—will

never perish. This is but the physical figure of our belief in the immortality of this wonderful daughter of light, clothed with strength and gentle dignity, whom many have called friend, whom others have had the high privilege to call by a dearer name, and whom still others will devotedly and proudly remember as "Aunt Amy."



Kate W. Boyden, the youngest daughter of Captain Elisha and Charlotte Foster Whitney.

Born March 9, 1864, in Beverly where she spent her entire life.

Married July 23, 1895, to Roland William Boyden of Beverly.

Died May 5, 1924.





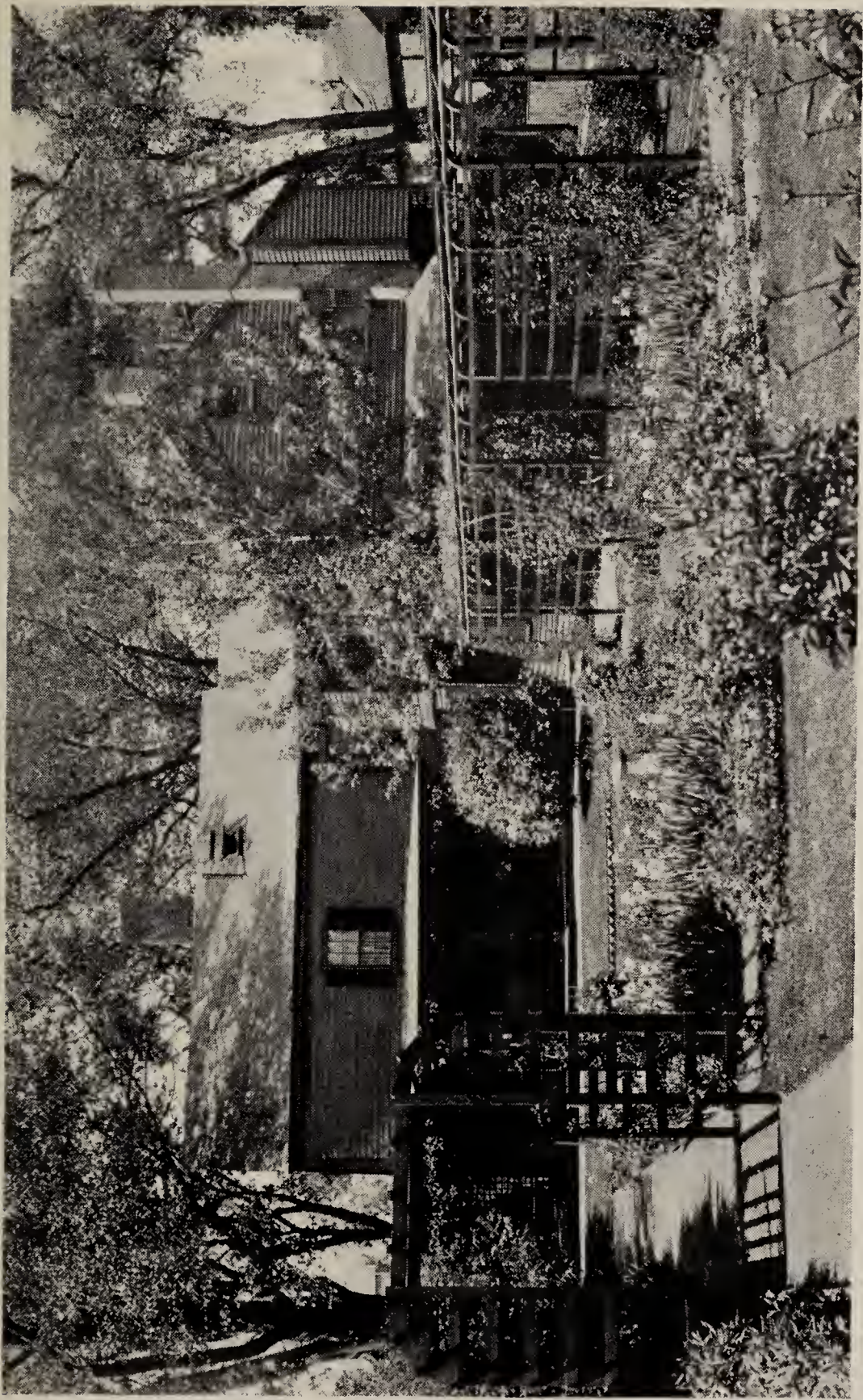






The Whitney Garden.

A corner of Kate's garden and home ; the garden which, first under her father's hand and later under the care of Kate and her sisters, always bloomed so beautifully that we think of it as characteristic of her life ; the home, always a center of cheerfulness and hospitality, where the family tie was exceptionally close ; whence her father during her childhood sailed to the Far East ; where her own happy life was mainly passed, and where it ended.



(READ AT HER HOME IN BEVERLY, MAY 7, 1924.)

THE sadness of parting mingles today with a flood of happy memories.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made on,” dreams of the day as well as the night, real and true as the things we touch and see. Our happy and affectionate memories are imperishable in their light and beauty. Into these sacred places of the heart Death cannot enter. Here, those who have listened to the call of mortality continue nevertheless to live among us with interchange of love and laughter, continue to add their own threads and strands to that infinite weaving which from hour to hour and from day to day forms the multi-colored fabric of our lives.

In our memories of Kate the first thought which comes to mind is that all our recollections are cheerful. With her cheerfulness was invariable. If fun were afoot, her spirits were as high and her laughter as merry as anybody's, but if, as sometimes happens, things went wrong, her laugh and

good spirits were just as ready as before. She had sufficient strength of character to get the benefit of her cheerful philosophy even when the prospect threatened most seriously. The condition of her health for a good many years had been such as to cause frequent and serious illness, but her Spartan courage enabled her to pass it all off as nothing or to make a joke of it. Her hardy spirit rose especially to matters of larger import, and when matters of serious consequence were concerned all customary anxieties were cast aside without a thought or regret, and she met the larger issue in a way that was no less than heroic.

She conducted herself and her homes, here in Beverly and in Tamworth, with a care and nicety that approached the exquisite. A natural refinement of character and a high degree of self-respect marked everything with which she had to do, and no detail was too small for her full effort if she felt that it would make her work more complete or more perfect. This perfection was her pleasure, and it goes far to account for our happy memory in the loveliness of her life.

Her home and her flowers were her greatest pleasures. Kate – and her sisters while they were with her – never tired of planning and executing, particularly for the garden. The preparation for each new season, the changes that were brought by each day's sun or rain, the new plants and shrubs, the buds and blossoms, the combinations and colors, the early "host of golden daffodils," the roses of June, the wealth of midsummer blooms, the asters, chrysanthemums, and marigolds of fall, – for each and all of these the three sisters had a special regard. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and Kate's enjoyment of the flowers never failed, whether it was the flowers of the Beverly garden, the wild flowers of Tamworth, by the road-side, in the fields or woods, the tulips of Holland, or the poppies of France. Always in her travels the beauty of the flowers was her delight. The birds were inevitably associated with the flowers, and the ecstasies of the many varieties of birds in their little stone bath among the flowers of the Beverly garden were a constant source of enjoyment.

Among our other happy memories of Kate is that of her pleasure in travel. Here she was fortunate in her opportunities and her companions, and many of the most charming spots in the old world became familiar to her by repeated visits. Italy and Sicily were her favorites, and it will always be a pleasure for her friends to recall her delightful experiences there. A particularly happy memory is that of Kate's recent three years' life in Paris, at a time when – miraculously as it seemed – she was almost free from the physical disabilities which had burdened her so frequently and so long, when she found herself able to accept all the privileges and pleasures which her situation brought in such abundance, and to enjoy such variety of delightful acquaintances and affectionate friends as the exceptional circumstances made possible. The fact that such an unusual opportunity came to Kate so immediately before her death is a coincidence which gives it more than ordinary significance.

Other memories come to us all as we pause here today. Many more will come as the weeks

and months go by. Memory and affection thus cherish and continue among us the life we have known. "Non omnis moriar" may mean many things, but it means at least, that while memory lasts, the light of life will ever shine.

A. B.



Anna F. Hall, the elder daughter of Moses and Sara Fry Hoag, was born August 25, 1831, in Tamworth. She was married September 26, 1860, to John Hacker Hall, and her married life was divided between Lynn, Massachusetts, and Windham, Maine. She died May 20, 1920, at the home of her daughters, in Everett, Massachusetts.









(T. W. AT EVERETT, MAY 22, 1920.)

I COUNT it a privilege to be given this opportunity to speak of the inspiring life of our friend who has passed into the beyond.

She has gone from us full of years, spent with unusual vigor and in a deeply benevolent spirit. We cannot tell how many lives have been inspired to nobler purposes, and to dare to attempt their highest ideals, how many have realized the help of her sympathy in sorrow, or guidance by her wisdom in the time of perplexity.

Two summers ago I greatly enjoyed seeing her in Tamworth. It was a great joy to her to return to the scenes of her girlhood and young womanhood. Here she taught in the district school, and was married in the little Friends' meeting-house. Of all the beautiful mountain scenery that we enjoyed, there was none but was dear in her memory. On the occasion of her eighty-sixth birthday the whole country-side

came together to do her honor, and made gala day in her behalf, and although suffering from her great disability, she entered joyfully into the loving reunion which was made for her. As she was not able to join us in public worship, I suggested that a message from her would be helpful and pleasant to all the people, and she sent us a sweet message, calling attention first to the dear attachment she felt for every least feature of a place so familiar as she left it, recalling the ministers whose voices had repeated familiar texts and left impressions from their sermons on her youthful mind. She desired to give courage for perseverance and hope, and to dispel doubt. She took again a text often heard in the nearby meeting-house of her youth, — “Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.” She spoke of perseverance to overcome carking cares, and burdensome responsibilities. She herself had learned the secret. It is God’s good pleasure to set up this Kingdom in every heart, and to graciously enable a man to live nobly, devoutly, and triumphantly in any

circumstances in which he is placed. The message has, I am sure, remained with those who heard it. A sweet covering of the Spirit rested upon us after its delivery to the meeting, and several of her friends spoke of the inspiration her presence had been in the community that summer and of their joy in knowing her.

But it is not in public messages that her life-work was accomplished. Her home gave shelter and care to seven boys and girls of her own. Doubtless she felt at times very much shut in, and compelled to follow a very narrow round of duties. She did much of the work with her own hands, and of her it could be said truly "She looketh well to the ways of her household." The farm invited thither the youths from other homes in the city, and she was not unmindful of their youthful joys, delighting in the things her hands could do for them.

She entered upon the duties of a wife and mother well furnished for the cares that were to be hers, having intellectual attainments such that she could cultivate in herself and in others worthy

desires for the best that life could afford. She was trained in habits of industry and thrift. She was inspired for unselfish service. As she trod the toilsome way of life she did not become stunted, for she had resources within herself that were unfailing. A life of service, so devoted and unselfish during her active years, won in the days of decline and invalidism, the devotion of her children and more distant relatives, and the loving interest of a wide circle of friends. Knowing her active nature one might have feared that she would chafe under the affliction of helplessness. It was not so. Her right hand no longer able to hold and move the pen upon the paper, she learned to use her left hand, and many a letter found its way where it would help and cheer another. She had a list of birthdays and linked herself in ineffaceable memory with the younger generation by cards of good wishes and remembrances. She found many uses for this one hand and did not spend the day in idleness.

Hers was a strong, compelling will and yet she learned to say "Thy will be done" to the

Father of us all, and she guided by his counsels her own life and the way of her household. Her children grown to man and womanhood “rise up and call her blessed.” May the sweet and certain sense of the unfettered life into which she has entered comfort them in this hour. God gently loosed the slender bond that bound our friend to earth, and the other evening as the sun was going down, the last thought of earth’s care slipped from her, and when she awoke the joy and satisfaction of the new morning was hers.



Augusta A. Stevenson, daughter of John M. and
Martha Stevenson.

Born October 15, 1829, in Tamworth, where she
passed her entire life.

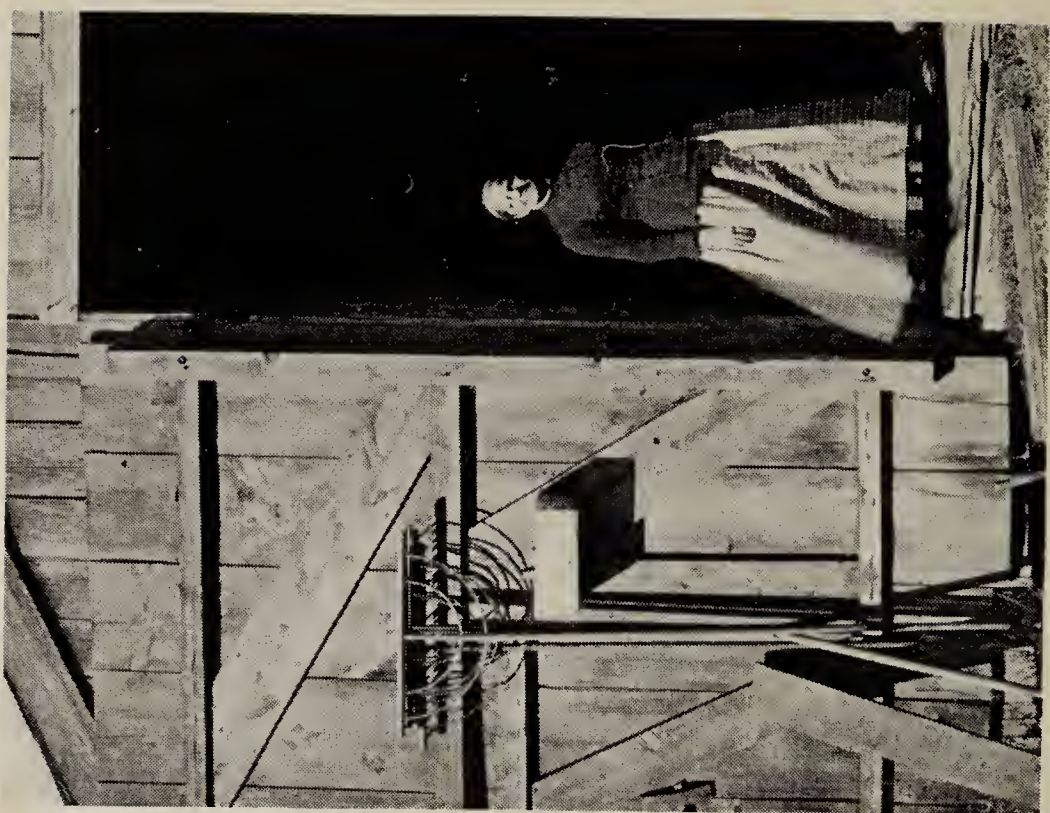
Died at her home on Stevenson Hill February
14, 1923.



The Old Stevenson Home.

The old farmhouse on "Stevenson Hill" in Tamworth is a landmark in the countryside. In this homestead, built by her great-grandfather, one of Tamworth's early settlers from whom the hill took its name, Augusta A. Stevenson lived her life. Throughout these years it was a place of affectionate pilgrimage for her relatives and countless friends. None of those who knew her at her post in the familiar front window, with its sweeping view of that broad Ossipee Valley—not to speak of all the passers-by that the chance of a day might bring—will ever forget the old Stevenson home.





(J. H. F. AT HER HOME IN TAMWORTH, FEBRUARY 8, 1923.)

WHEN I last spoke to a company of neighbors in this room, we were celebrating the ninetieth birthday of Miss Stevenson. She was so vigorous and so enthusiastically interested in everybody and in everything that it seemed as if she would have the strength to live out her century at least. When I came back to the mountains day before yesterday, summoned by her death, and saw the purple light at the end of a clear winter's day upon the farther hills, beyond the fields of snow, I thought of the gift which those nearest and dearest to her had brought her on that happy birthday anniversary—the material for a purple dress. It was most fitting, for no woman who ever wore the royal purple was ever more of a real queen among women than was she in her unassumed dignity, her rare courage (for she never knew fear of anybody or anything), her austere grace and her possessing interest in the affairs of the world. Yet

like the “worthy woman” of the Proverbs, whose price was “far above rubies,” she “worked willingly with her hands,” * * * and she was “not afraid of the snow for her household.”

It is recorded in the Bible that in ancient times there was a woman, named Deborah, who sat beneath the palm tree on Mount Ephraim and judged the people who came to her. So here on this mount, which bore her grandfather's name, beneath the poplar trees for which I always look when I come back into the valley below—ever beckoning me to the hill that is home—I see her sitting as one to whom the great and small came from far and near to take counsel and courage of her faith in them and of her brave, hopeful spirit. How many have gone down from this hill-top—this Mt. Ephraim—back to their places of business, government, or command, their mills and their offices, strengthened, as was Barak, to fight their battles, in the city, out on the prairie, or down in these very valleys.

She was a daughter of these mountains and she seemed to partake in her personal qualities of their

inanimate strength, their severe beauty of profile against the northern skies and their steadfastness. She had a certain granitic quality in her character, with all her affability, and a nobility of bearing, even in the midst of the most commonplace tasks of every-day life. But the analogy goes no farther. I have never seen a cloud upon her face through whatever mists and clouds of troubles she walked. Her familiar "Well, well, well," was an "All's well" with her world, in whose Heaven God ever was, as he was in the everlasting hills round about.

But though strengthened and all but encircled by these mountains, as was Jerusalem by those that stood about, Miss Stevenson kept her face toward the cities and the sea, down upon the valley up which her God-fearing ancestors had come seeking a freer air, and, like many others of those early pioneers, having a vision of a better country "even an heavenly." It was phenomenal that with the increasing years her zest in life did not grow less and that her horizon ever widened. She was the soul of hospitality and often enter-

tained a score or more beneath this roof at one time. Having no children of her own, she became a mother to several and befriended many. And she not only entertained the living (from President and Mrs. Cleveland to the least of the motherless little ones); she was hostess to the great of all the ages. They were the guests of her mind. In few homes, even of college graduates, would so many have been gathered for the winter nights as upon these shelves and other convenient resting-places.

It was not of her, of course, that Whittier wrote in his poem, *Among the Hills*, depicting the charm of West Ossipee and Tamworth and Sandwich—but with only the slightest change, some of the lines would describe her :

Our homes were cheerier for her sake
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Was sweeter for her coming.

Her presence lent its cheer and health
To all who came before it;
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

Still clearer for her keener sight
Of beauty and of wonder,
We've learned the meaning of these hills
She dwelt from childhood under.

And higher, warmed with summer lights
Or winter-crowned and hoary,
The ridged horizon lifts for us
Its inner veils of glory.

We who have so often seen her in her place
in the village church wish that she who loved
this house of worship in life might have been
borne once more to it—this meeting-house that
must have seemed to her from childhood a Bethel,
the very gate of heaven. But those who would
there have wished to show their respect and affec-
tion for her, though the church would have been
far too small, are scattered throughout the
United States, and some even on the other side
of the world. They can best do this by making
it a Bethel for the living.

She has gone down the valley of the shadow,
but fearing no evil. She faced death as fearlessly
as she faced any event in her life. We read in the

papers of today how an ancient king in Egypt went to his tomb—his “eternal house” as it was called—with all the trappings of state, jeweled sceptre and ornamented chariot, and with provisions for his long journey and residence—an august departure from earth, an august entrance into the beyond. But she in her serene, firm faith, at the end of a long, faithful, cheerful, beautiful life, has gone from this cottage triumphantly, majestically into the life eternal of the spirit. She was true to her name, Augusta, in life. She lived nobly, augustly, even, though in great simplicity. And she was true to her name in death. She received the last Guest, Death, as hospitably, as cheerfully, and with as great dignity as was her wont.

(IN THE BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT.")

On Sunday, February 4, 1923, died Augusta A. Stevenson of Tamworth, N. H., in her ninety-fourth year.

With her death, something of the sunlight of life is gone. A woman of illuminating personality and overflowing vitality, endowed with rare social gifts, she had for many years made her distant hill-top a beacon of friendship. Every acquaintance was a friend, and every meeting a rejoicing. Where friendship was concerned, she was a happy prodigal. Miss Stevenson was of old Tamworth stock, daughter of John M. and Martha (Boyden) Stevenson, born on the "Stevenson Hill" farm, where her parents lived long in the land; the old farmhouse under the maples looking south over the greensward, over the dusty country road, over the stone walls, over the fields and over the "pine ground," down to the lovely intervale below, its levels dotted with tall, wine-glass elms; up-

ward again to the old sides of Ossipee Mountain, with the peak of Mount Shaw rising blue in the beyond, Mount Whittier in the east, Red Hill in the west, and Bear Camp waters between, all beloved and sung by Whittier and Lucy Larcom. Here she lived her ninety years and more—a notable figure throughout the entire countryside, a joy to her friends everywhere. Never forgetting and never forgotten. Truly, her light shone out to the world from this granite hill like the “little candle” of the great poet.

A. B.

